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Remember—remember how often I've knelt,
 Explicitly telling you all that I felt ;
 And talked about poison in accents so wild,
 So very like torture—you started—and smiled.

Not have me ! Not love me ! Oh what have I done ?
 All natural nourishment did I not shun ?
 My figure is wasted—my spirits are lost,
 And my eyes are deep sunk, like the eyes of a ghost.

Remember—remember—ay, madam, you *must*—
 I *once* was exceedingly stout and robust ;
 I rode by your palfrey, I came at your call,
 And nightly went with you to banquet and ball.

Not have me ! Not love me ! Rejected ! Refused !
 Sure never was lover so strangely ill used !
 Consider my presents—(I don't mean to boast)—
 But, madam, *consider* the *money* they cost !

Remember you've worn them, and just can it be
 To take all my *trinkets*, and not to take *me* ?
 Nay, don't throw them at me !—You'll break,—do not start—
 I don't mean my gifts, but you *will* break my heart !

Not have me ! Not love me ! Not go to the church !
 Sure never was lover so left in the lurch ?
 My brain is distracted, my feelings are hurt ;
 Oh, madam *don't* tempt me to call you a flirt.

Remember my letters, my passion they told.
 Yes, all sorts of letters—save letters of gold !
 The amount of my *notes*, too—the notes that I penned,
Not bank notes—no, truly, I had none to send !

Not have me ! Not love me ! And is it then true
 That opulent Age is the lover for you !
 'Gainst Rivalry's *bloom* I would strive—'tis too much
 To yield to the terrors of Rivalry's *crutch*.

Remember—remember I *might* call him out,
 But, madam, *you* are not worth fighting about ;
 My *sword* shall be stainless in blade and in hilt ;
 I thought you a *jewel* ! I find you a jilt !

THE ACCEPTED.

BY THE SAME.

I THANK you for that downcast look,
 And for that blushing cheek ;
 I would not have you raise your eyes,
 I would not have you speak :
 Though mute, I deem you eloquent,
 I ask no other sign,
 While thus your little hand remains
 Confidingly in mine.

I know you fain would hide from me
 The tell-tale tears that steal
 Unbidden forth, and half betray
 The anxious fears you feel :
 From friends long-tried and dearly loved
 The plighted bride must part ;
 Then freely weep—I could not love
 A cold unfeeling heart.

I know you love your cottage home,
 Where, in the summer time,
 Your hand has taught the clematis
 Around the porch to climb :
 Yon casement with the wild rose screen,
 Yon little garden too,
 How many fond remembrances
 Endear them all to you !

You sigh to leave your mother's roof,
 Though on my suit she smiled,
 And, spurning ev'ry selfish thought,
 Gave up her darling child :
 Sigh not for *her*, she now may claim
 Kind deeds from more than *one* ;
 She'll gaze upon her DAUGHTER's smiles,
 Supported by her SON !

I thank you for that look—it speaks
 Reliance on my truth ;
 And never shall unkindness wound
 Your unsuspecting youth :
 If fate should frown, and anxious thoughts
 Oppress your husband's mind,
 Oh ! never fear to cling to me,—
 I could not be unkind.

Come, look upon this golden ring—
 You have no cause to shrink,
 Though oft 'tis galling as the slave's
 Indissoluble link !
 And look upon yon church, the place
 Of blessing and of prayer ;
 Before the altar hear my vows—
 Who could dissemble *there* !

Come to my home ; your bird shall have
 As tranquil a retreat ;
 Your dog shall find a resting-place,
 And slumber at your feet :
 And while you turn your spinning wheel,
 Oh ! let me hear you sing,
 Or I shall think you cease to love
 Your little golden ring.

THE WINTER'S WREATH.

The illustrations of this handsome volume are of the first order—some of them are really exquisite. "The Deluge," engraved by Brandard, from a picture by A. Moses—"Delos," by W. Miller, after an original painting by W. Linton—"Dove Dale," also by Brandard, from a drawing by Barber—and "The Interior of a Cathedral at Antwerp," by W. Radclyffe, sketched from a picture by C. Wild, are fully equal to the best plates in any of the annuals we have yet seen ; nor should we pass without notice "The English Flower," engraved from a miniature by A. Robinson, which stands as the frontispiece—nor "The Cottage Farm," engraved by E. Smith, after Barker. The former presents a fine English face, traced in a manner at once bold and elegant ; and the latter is a highly attractive picture, indeed. Of the letter-press department of the work, we are sorry we cannot speak in the same unmeasured language. It contains, however, upwards of seventy pieces in prose and verse, and among them will be found several very amusing stories, and not a few pretty scraps of poetry. "The Old Man's Message," three passages in the "Life of the Lady of Bradgate," "A Legend of the House of Suffolk," in which the unfortunate Lady Jane Gray acts a conspicuous part, "The Old Monk's Tale," "The Trial, founded on fact," and "The Rebel," are, in our opinion, the best pieces in the volume. There is, indeed, an amusing tale of a Parisian miser, "The Revenu," by Miss Jewsbury, and an article containing some very intelligent critical remarks "On the Style of Johnson and Burke." It is rather a curious coincidence, that in both the little volumes before us there should be a tale of resuscitation after execution—each of the sufferers being supposed to have been innocent of the crime of which they